"ARMOUR AGAINST FATE." See page ii. of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 493. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1915. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

A

For meaning of this number see page 22.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,300,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND SEND TO US A WEEKLY COUPON, WHICH AFTER ITS RECEIPT AT OUR OFFICES WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK—BUT MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY—OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants' rights against any other newspaper or insurance body.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Nov. 13th, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... *Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, for in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

Nov. 13th, 1915. .....

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgement of receipt of Coupon is desired.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature*.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate (first myself, or in the event of my Death)—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above. .....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. **Nov. 13th, 1915.**

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

Send Him Some 'DAISIES'

The terrific noise and ear-splitting racket occasioned by the newest engines of war—the enormous howitzers — cause terrific headaches and nervy pains.

You cannot find a more acceptable gift for your soldier friend than a packet of "Daisies." One powder will quickly relieve his pain and make him fit and well again.

Gunner W. Streeh, Royal Marine Artillery, Howitzer Brigade, writes :—"'Daisies' have proved very useful, as myself and chums suffer from nasty headaches owing no doubt to being on duty for so many hours without sleep, and the thunderous noises that surround us."

Dr. James Barnes, 70th Batt. R.F.A., writes :—"There is nothing better than a 'Daisy' out here. The other day I was complaining about my head, for I had been on picket duty all night, and the roar of the guns had given me a terrible headache. I took a 'Daisy,' however, had a few hours' sleep, and I was soon in the pink again, thanks to 'Daisy.'"

"Daisy" is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere in 1s. packets, containing 20 powders. The packet may be sent to the front by ordinary penny post, and it takes up practically no room in the haversack.

"DAISY"

CURES

SOLDIERS' HEADACHES and NEURALGIA in a few minutes.

SEND HIM A PACKET TO-DAY.

DON'T WAIT

for the rise in prices

BUY NOW.

The largest stock of beautiful Furs in London to select from.
The favour of a visit is highly esteemed, or a postcard will bring new Wholesale Illustrated Catalogue.

WHOLESALE CITY PRICES—
WEST END STYLE AND QUALITY.

This charming Stole and Muff in finest quality Fexline 35/- the set.

BEST POSSIBLE VALUE FOR MONEY.

The WHOLESALE FUR CO.

145, CHEAPSIDE (First Floor), LONDON, CITY.

Also 10, St. Ann's Sq., Manchester & 2, Lands Lane, Leeds.

add a string to your bow

By sketching, and increase your income. Our booklet B, a free lesson in itself, shows you how. Write to-day to Secretary,

A.B.C. SCHOOL OF DRAWING.
210, Strand, W.C.

HE would just *love* a tin of the old fashioned **SWEETMEAT**

Our soldiers are developing quite a taste for sweets. Send your soldier friend a tin of WILKINSON'S PERFECTED PONTEFRACT CAKES—They are most wholesome and he will like them better than toffee or chocolate. They are not sticky, and are packed in useful decorated tins.

WILKINSON'S "PERFECTED" LIQUORICE

PONTEFRACT CAKES

In ½-lb., ¼-lb., and ⅛-lb. tins, of all Confectioners. ½-lb. tin post free in the United Kingdom for 1s. 2d., from

W. R. WILKINSON & CO.,
PONTEFRACT.

ECZEMA

AND ALL SKIN COMPLAINTS.

Why not relieve those itchy, burning skin complaints now? You can do so with just a few applications of that sovereign balm for every wound.

HARDCASTLE'S BALM of GILEAD

For Bad Legs, Piles, Chilblains, etc.

Sold by Boots, Taylors & all Chemists and Stores at 1/2 and 2/11 a box.

FREE SAMPLE

sent for 2d. stamps by Proprietors, W. Hardcastle and Sons, Stockton-on-Tees. Established 1806.

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The ONLY machine with the "Human Voice."

A musical instrument giving a REAL NATURAL TONE and doing away with "that metallic noise" so prevalent in all other makes

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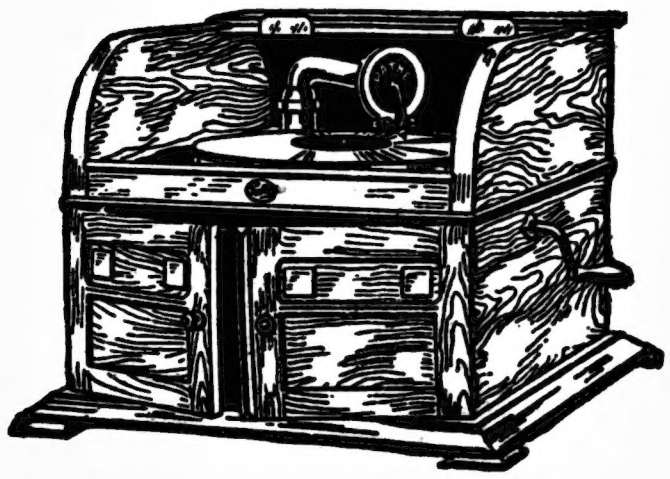
No Needles are Required.



These Instruments reproduce through the medium of an unwearable Sapphire Point.

All Makes of records can be played on the Pathéphone.

Ask for our new machine and Record Catalogues, obtainable from all representative Music Houses, or

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LONDON, W.C.

DEAFNESS CATARRH

EAR NOISES, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS & COLDS.

MAXIM GUN INVENTOR DISCOVERS SIMPLE HOME REMEDY.

Thousands Already Relieved and Cured.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM WISHES ALL SUFFERERS TO HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY OF LEARNING, FREE OF CHARGE, HOW TO CURE THEMSELVES.

LEGION OF HONOUR FROM THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT

SIR HIRAM MAXIM, the great Inventor and Scientist, has invented a remarkable appliance which has already met with unqualified success, and is now curing thousands of cases of Catarrh Deafness, Ear Noises, Hay Fever, Bronchitis and Asthma.

In order that all sufferers should benefit, Sir Hiram Maxim has appointed a well-known firm of London Manufacturing Chemists to distribute his invention to the public He has also authorised them to publish a valuable little booklet, which is sent free of charge to all who write for it.

This book has been called a home doctor owing to the useful information it gives, enabling all sufferers to obtain immediate relief in their own homes by the aid of this wonderful discovery

FREE TO-DAY.

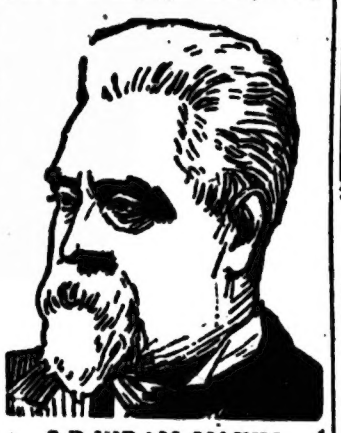
If you will therefore fill up coupon below and post it to-day (½d. stamp only needed), or send your name and address on a postcard, the Home Doctor booklet will reach you by return.

The Maxim method is unique, and so free from complications that you can use it in your own home without interfering with your daily occupation Thousands of members of the medical profession, nobility, law, clergy, and the public have already testified to its prompt relief and curative powers in

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, EAR NOISES, COUGHS & COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, HAY FEVER.

It will be found that after a few minutes use of the Pipe of Peace Home Treatment the Catarrh, Cough or Tightness is relieved and the expectorations diminished.

The hearing improves, ear noises gradually stop. The stuffiness in nose and uncomfortable feeling in the throat and chest disappear, and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose stops, and bouts of sneezing cease instantly. An ever increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure of the trouble will take place in a short time



SIR HIRAM MAXIM, who has been decorated by the King of Spain. The King of Portugal, The French Government, The Emperor of China, &c., &c.

STRIKING TESTIMONY.

Dr. REID writes: "I have used your Pipe of Peace successfully in congested and spasmodic bronchitis, and will order it for all asthmatic cases."

WM J. DAVIS, M D., writes: "The immediate relief experienced is almost magical."

DISTINGUISHED USERS.

The Maxim Quick and Easy Home Treatment has been supplied by request to Windsor Castle, and has also been used successfully by the

DUCHESS OF GRAFTON.	LORD ASHBURNHAM.
DUCHESS OF LEEDS.	LORD ROSSMORE.
MARCHIONESS OF BUTE.	LORD NEWLANDS. &c.

Send for a free copy of the Home Doctor book, and read there some of the letters received from users of Sir Hiram Maxim's wonderful appliance. They tell of the most wonderful cures effected by this discovery—a discovery every one can now utilise for their own benefit at a small cost.

FREE COUPON

CUT OUT THIS FORM.

Fill in your name and address and send it to-day to Sir Hiram Maxim Sole Licensees (Dept. J.B.) 46. Holborn Viaduct. London, E.C

DEAR SIRS.—Please send me, in accordance with Sir Hiram Maxim's offer, a free copy of the Home Doctor.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

FROM THE KING OF SPAIN

SEND AT ONCE

A DAYFIELD BODY SHIELD to { Father, Husband, Brother, Son or Friend

and very probably

SAVE HIS LIFE.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM writes:

Fully 25 per cent. of the casualties we have met so far would have been prevented by the use of t is shield.

Many of the casualties are caused by spent bullets, splinters of shells, or grenades which would have been harmless if the man struck had been wearing a Dayfield Body Shield, which protects the vital organs of the body, such as the heart, lungs, and principal blood vessels. It is also proof against bayonet, sword, and lance, and in no way impedes the movements of the wearer.

The Dayfield Body Shield can be worn under the uniform and fits comfortably. It is made of a specially prepared toughened metal in four plates which are strengthened at the joinings by steel strips, and is covered with khaki drill.

Size 12in. by 11in. Weight 29oz.

PRICES CARRIAGE PAID.

	Single Shield.	Double Shield.
To the Front	22	6 55 -
To any part British Isles	21/6	53 6

Patent No. 5196.

The Double Shield consists of two single Shields to protect the back and the front, and joined together by straps with curved metal plates to fit the shoulders and to protect same from downward sword cuts.

The Dayfield Body Shield has triumphantly withstood the severest tests and we are much appreciated by the men at the front who have received them.

Obtainable from Military Outfitters or direct from the Makers:—

THE WHITFIELD MFG. CO., LTD.

Vernon House, Sicilian Avenue, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

Cash Price, 6½d. & 3½d. per tin. Of all Grocers

The Milk that never fails you-

Dairy milk *may* be pure—and it *may not.* Ideal Milk is *guaranteed* always pure. No sugar—no preservatives.

Diluted, "Ideal" excels dairy milk for every purpose—undiluted, it is a delicious and economical substitute for cream. There is no waste with "Ideal," and no turning sour; it keeps fresh and good in the unopened can, for months if necessary.

Ideal Milk

THE EVERYDAY MILK

Write for copy of "Two Milkmaids and an Ideal," post free on request.

ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO., 6-8, EASTCHEAP, E.C.

Contractors to the British Army and Navy.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 493. Week ending Saturday, November 13th, 1915. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Russia's Day.

Don't forget that Thursday, the 18th, is Russia's Day—and that there is to be a big matinée at the Alhambra—with ourselves as principal speaker. The prime organiser in the movement is the indefatigable Lady Paget, who recently promoted, with such success, "Our Day" for the Red Cross. She will be glad if any ladies willing to assist in selling flags, etc., will get in touch, *at once*, with the Central Office, 5, Argyll Place, Oxford Street.

At the Palladium.

On Sunday afternoon, we are at the Palladium—for a talk about the war; and if there should be any surplus from the sale of tickets, it will come in handy towards the funds of our Recruiting Campaign, in respect of which we accept neither payment nor expenses of any kind. Sunday afternoon, then, at the Palladium.

Our Campaign.

Just back from New Brighton, Wolverhampton, Walsall, Hanley, Bedford and several places in Wales.

Those Armlets.

If the Government really has made up its mind to adopt this suggestion—which, of course, first appeared in these columns—they will, we presume, not fail to provide for heavy penalties for improper use or imitation. We know something.

An Early Dotage.

The *New Age* has an article, under the heading of "Gilders of the Chains," on Mr. Austin Harrison and ourselves—who are described as the "Harmsworth Knockabouts." We have looked at the journal—and if its present style is a specimen of its vigour in adolescence, we are wondering what its dotage will be like.

Winston's Vindication.

Personally, we take little interest in the purely personal aspect of the war, but it is only fair to Mr. Churchill, to note the complete assumption by the Prime Minister of Cabinet responsibility for the Dardanelles enterprise.

Sir Ian Hamilton.

For an officer called home Sir Ian looks very happy, according to his photos. Of course he came back to "report." But to report what? Not "progress"!

Damned, If Not Dead.

The degradation of Ferdinand of Bulgaria is complete. The Kaiser has conferred upon him the Iron Cross of the first and second class.

"G.B.S." and Us.

In his recent lecture—over which Lord Haldane did *not* preside—Mr. Bernard Shaw referred to one of our own meetings which he honoured by his presence. He took us to task for declaring that the Government was quite unprepared when the war came—forgetting that they were the words of one of its leading members, and that, after fifteen months, we are still screaming for recruits; and then he devoted a few minutes to a wonderful bit of character study. He found us "very low-spirited and exceedingly sentimental," whilst at the close of the meeting "the audience got up and sang the National Anthem in a low-spirited manner." The explanation is simple. We knew "G. B. S." was there, and we couldn't get him out of our mind. It always makes us low-spirited when we find a man of brilliant parts making a fool of himself.

German Servants.

We recently asked how many ministers of the Crown still have German servants in their employ. We now extend the inquiry to the relatives of such ministers. We hear of the sister of one of them—who is frequently visited by him and his wife—employing a German maid, who opens, reads and answers all letters. Which, as Euclid once or twice observed, is absurd. And, by the way, who is the State Housekeeper at Kensington Palace?

A Bull in a Commercial School.

From a teacher at the Greasboro' Evening School—it is an essay on "Commercial English," by one of the pupils: "John Bull is for England he his the editor of a book called JOHN BULL. If you see a picture of him he is dressed as a farmer and as generally a bull dog with him. John Bull's correct name is Mr. Horatio Bottomley"! Barring the misplacement of the h, the essay is otherwise unimpeachable.

Princess Christian.

We noticed that this fine lady recently presided at a gathering at New Malden on behalf of the Red Cross—a guard of honour being furnished by the local Volunteer Force! And her husband has been removed from the Rangership of Windsor Great Forest—and her son is fighting against us!

***Floreat* Glasgow!**

Hearty congratulations to Glasgow on having purified its city by rechristening Kaiser Street with the gloriously appropriate name of Marne Street. Let Glasgow flourish!

German Schoolmasters.

How many of these are still at work over here? Is there one, for instance, at Bedford Modern School—and—and—well, all sorts of things.

If Zeppelins came to-night. See page ii of cover.

Kultur at its Highest.

Two instances of German Kultur in its acute form are culled from their own newspapers. One is a very simple affair, just an instruction to German school children that they shall turn themselves into patriotic little ghouls and go digging and groping among moulder-ing graves in antiquated cemeteries for the purpose of salving any old metal they can find, "such as coffin ornaments." Metal is so useful to their country just now, and the dear children will appreciate such a chance of doing their duty by playing hide-and-seek with death among the tumbled bones of their ancestors. That is one nice, pleasant scheme. The other notion affects ourselves and our Allies, and is not concerned with dead Germans. It is contained in a paragraph printed in a German journal called the *Dentists' Weekly*, and re-printed, as an item of ordinary news, in the Dutch newspaper, *Vaderland*, which has the largest circulation at The Hague. Here it is:—"The German *Dentists' Weekly* suggests the idea of extracting the teeth of the fallen enemies to repair the sets of teeth of the Germans. According to this paper it would be a crime to Germany to continue the manufacture of teeth and gold-filling, as ivory is too dear. Especially the teeth of fallen Russians are recommended for this purpose, as they are exceptionally white and strong." Red Indians, we are aware, collected the scalps of their fallen enemies; certain black savages were skull-hunters, and gathered the heads entire. It is reserved for the blonde and gentle Teuton, in the light of his own cherished kultur, to disturb honoured dead, gouge among their gums, and rifle corpses of their teeth. But *are* false teeth made of ivory?

President Lincoln and the Teetotalers.

The following true story (recalled by the late G. W. Foote) might be of interest to Lord d'Abernon, whose time is now much occupied with receiving deputations from teetotal organisations which appear to think that the Central Control Board was appointed for the express purpose of carrying out their behests. During the Amer-ican Civil War, when things had been looking very black for the Union—General Grant had not turned the tide with his brilliant victories—some very pious teetotal gentlemen went on a deputation to Abraham Lincoln, who was, of course, as President of the United States, the head of the Army of the Republic. Their object was to complain of General Grant, who, they alleged, was too fond of pegs of whiskey, and allowed his officers to participate in the same. Old Abe, resting his chin upon his hand, listened to them with great solemnity. When they had finished, he asked them if they knew where Grant bought his whiskey. They replied, "No." "Well," he said, "I'm really sorry fur that, fur I was thinking of presenting a few kegs to the other generals."

The Indiscreet Lady.

Mrs. Hayes, of Shrewsbury—the lady who is so fond of German soldiers that she suffered a fine of £10 for communicating by letter with prisoners in the concen-tration camp adjoining her house—is still living in that house, still a next-door neighbour to the foemen for whom she has expressed her affections. We hear, further, that residing in her house is a relative, who happens to hold an appointment in one of the War Departments. Let it be understood that we are not for one moment imputing anything to the discredit of this man. But we cannot forget the foolishness of Mrs. Hayes. Such foolishness is apt to be dangerous, and we suggest that while she remains in the dubious vicinity of her German friends, it would be advisable for the State servant, considering his responsibilities, to secure other lodgings.

The Khaki Armlet.

So far as can be made out at present, it is the intention of the Recruiting Authorities to present men who may be rejected on account of physical unfitness with a distinguishing armlet which will advertise that unhappy fact. Hence strong opposition to the armlet scheme from certain quarters. It is all very well for the War Office to say that no rejected volunteer will be *obliged* to wear his brassard. If he puts it in the rag bag, or uses it as a pen wiper, rather than declare himself unfit before men, he will lay himself open to the pesterings of recruiting officers and to charges of slacking from the ignorant multitude. On the other hand, if he wears the badge which, whilst attesting his willingness to serve his country, also announces that he is organically or con-stitutionally unsound, he will not only invite the un-desired condolences of friends and acquaintances, and the commiserating glances of passing strangers, but may well, in addition, find it difficult to obtain employ-ment. There is one short and obvious solution to these difficulties. *Let there be one type of badge only.* It appears to us utterly unnecessary for the militarily unfit to be branded as such. Having offered themselves, they should be entitled to the same badge of honour as those who are lucky enough to be accepted. Let the world at large remain ignorant as to whether the khaki armlet-wearer belongs to one of the classes liable to be called up, or to the army of the rejected. The military authorities will know. That is sufficient.

Pure "Kraft."

Hansen and Gibb, of Nottingham, makers of "Pure Kraft" brown paper, have not yet, with all their craft, succeeded in selling those three bales of the very best, perfectly new, p p r, in spotless condition. Nobody wants those triplet bales; their owners write the most touching appeals—yet fail to "touch" a purchaser. It is an affecting state of affairs, and it does last so long! "It may be for years, it may be for ever," for business men seem to have hearts of brass when Henson and Gibb put their plaint before them, and absolutely decline to alleviate the sufferings of those bale boosters. Yet there is hope; the price is coming down. It was 16s. 6d. a ream "to clear these three bales"; six days later, as they wished "to save further storage on the 21s. kraft," they dropped their terms to "16s. per ream, nett cash on delivery, d/d all charges paid." We may yet see brown paper for nothing.

The Bishop's Move.

The Lord Bishop whose Bishopric includes the ancient and interesting township of Chislehurst might find some cause for profound thought if he were to visit a certain hotel in the quarter indicated. Should his Lordship suggest that his cloth precludes him from entering the saloon bar of a public hostelry, it must be explained that other, though less important, members of his faith and calling are scarcely so scrupulous. Perhaps we ought to say one other, for it is to one clergyman only we refer, and he is to be found, if the Bishop will seek him, in the said saloon bar on most afternoons. He leaves about 5.30 p.m., perhaps to take an evening service, but returns later. His habits, if not his hours, are scarcely canonical. For this reason, and for other reasons, we have penned this par.

War Verses.

If you want to make recruiting easy, just write to Mr. Thomas Farrow, 1, Cheapside, London, for a free set of the splendid collection he has got together and had printed at his own expense.

In doubt? Give her a "John Bull" Pen.

At Swallow Falls.

Wales is careful of her local, or lay, preachers. One of these delectable gentlemen is also a seller of picture-postcards, and he sells them at, among other places, Swallow Falls, a Welsh beauty spot. His stand, or pitch, is on the public road leading to Capel Curig, and, as this spot is open to anybody, a poor widow woman, with an invalid son, also tried to do a little itinerant trading there. But Hugh Henry Jones, the preacher man, resented her rivalry, and advised her to go elsewhere with her stock-in-trade. More than that, according to the widow, when she told him she had as much right there as he had, "he clutched her arm and flung her a considerable distance, bruising her arm in the act." She summoned the man for assault, and evidence was given that her arm was "absolutely black." The preacher denied the charge, and said that, on the contrary, he had been assaulted by the complainant. "I do expound the Word," he owned, and said his life "has been a peaceful one." Other people might "trespass upon the peace of their neighbours," but not he. Certainly not! And in the end the Magistrates dismissed the case, because it was "a trumpery one." If it is a trumpery case when a poor widow woman's arm is "absolutely black" with bruises, assaults must be pretty common in Wales. Perhaps if a limb or two were broken, things might begin to look worthy of attention. The local preacher "touched lucky."

Stone Hearts.

We have been compelled to criticise adversely many decisions by Magisterial Benches, but we have seldom met with any judgment so outrageous as a recent one of the Bench at Blaina. The County Education Authority summoned Richard Lewis on three counts for irregular attendance of his children at school. Mrs. Lewis, his wife, told this story in Court: She had had three sons killed at the front one after the other, and her eldest son was now badly wounded and ill in hospital. The reason she kept the children from school was that she had been away for a change, being run down through trouble, and had taken them with her, not being able to afford to leave them behind. She had been hop-picking. Her husband had been out of work a week, owing to the strike. Think of it! The three boys killed, one wounded—and the mother, poor, dissolated creature, "run down through trouble." So she "went away for a change"—and her change was hop-picking, to get a little money for the home, because father was out of work. Brave, devoted, bereaved, mourning mother! And now let me quote the newspaper:—"The Chairman said the Bench were very sorry, but they *must* impose a fine of 5s. in each case, 15s. in all." "Sorry," indeed! It was a strange way of showing sorrow. The stony-hearted ones!

A Ford Move.

We observe that in a recent number of a motorists' paper a supplement of no fewer than 128 pages was devoted to advertising the Ford car. We can well understand that the concern is seriously alarmed at the natural feeling which has been excited in this country by reason of Mr. Ford's action in threatening to take his banking account from any American institution which aided in the raising of the Loan for the Allies, but we sincerely hope that—despite the immense sums which may be spent in booming the car—patriotic Britishers will boycott the machine. After all, there are equally good English or French cars obtainable at the same price.

"Slide Off!"

The Chairman of the Berkhamsted Urban District Council should be reckoned a man of wisdom and military knowledge, for, besides being versed in public affairs, he is a public-schoolmaster and a Major of Territorials. Yet he could say to the burgesses of Berkhamsted the things that follow: He advised people to remain indoors in case of a Zeppelin visit, for bombs are more likely, he said, to drop in the road than elsewhere; "and," he went on, "even if one was to drop on the roof of a house there was a big chance of it sliding off, doing some damage probably to the house, but far more to the roadway." If the teacher told that to his schoolboys they would be justified in grinning at him, for, somehow, we cannot think a Zeppelin bomb, dropped from a great height on to a roof, is going to "slide off." We should rather expect it to go through, according to precedent. After all, we think Berkhampsted may sleep easy o' nights—even in these times.

The Night Dial.

The Night Dial is not the face of a man on night duty, but a fearsome invention that comes from Boston, U.S.A., with a tale hanging to it. It is described as a dial on which night rays are concentrated, making objects at sea visible. If that is not clear to your understanding, you are to learn further that it is an electrical contrivance, with "the power to locate definitely by latitude and longitude an object at sea even on the darkest night. It would prove of incalculable value to the German submarines cruising on the surface at night, making their periscope as efficient by night as by day, and rendering the present practice of extinguishing lights of no avail." So now you know all about this wonderful invention, and it must be true, because it comes from America. The story in connection with it is equally startling. The thing was being prepared by three partners, and one of them, who was in possession of the whole concern, has disappeared with it. He was last seen in company with a German agent!

Food Reform.

An example of war-time economy comes from Lancashire, and it should interest food-faddists, economists—and others. Apparently it did interest the police, for we note that the matter came into court at Southport. At that salubrious resort Mr. Pedder runs a Food Reform Store, and he purports to sell "pure grape and raspberry cordial," a tipple that probably found favour among the elect. But analysis proved that the cordial was not true to its name, being composed of "water, glucose, and coloured matter," and containing no grape juice whatever. Mr. Pedder was fined the inconsiderable amount of 10s., and we hope his next attempt at "food reform" will not be carried out so mercilessly. His motto might be, "More food, and less reform."

Munitions.

Many correspondents have furnished us with particulars of young men shirking their duty by engaging in munition work in quarters where their services could easily be dispensed with, so we are not greatly concerned to read the following in a Sunday newspaper:—"Young men of the age of twenty-one and upwards engaged at Sheffield munition works have been served with their notice and urged by their employers to enlist." But we do not like the next sentence:—"Belgians and Dutchmen are taking their places." Are there no old men, or boys, of British birth? Belgians should be fighting, and the "neutral" kingdom is not an object for charity at present.

Quite English, You Know!

The pusillanimity characterising the actions of the authorities as to the internment of Germhuns is again strikingly emphasised at the Islington Workhouse camp. Here we have even more flagrant flouting of the Defence of the Realm Act than that noted in these columns a fortnight ago. It appears to be the general rule for the Huns luxuriously quartered there to obtain leave of absence once or twice weekly—for whatever devilry or otherwise they desire. One favoured personage is actually permitted to depart daily at 7 a.m. and return late each afternoon, while another (the proprietor of a large chemical works!) visits his business premises regularly two days a week. Anything more disquieting than this state of affairs could scarcely be conceived by even the most fatuous official underling, but that it should be connived at by those relied upon by the nation to protect it from its enemies is amazing. Contrast such treatment with that meted out to an English manager of the German branch of a well-known London bank. This unfortunate individual, despite physical disabilities unfitting him for service in the Army, has languished in a German prison, with numerous fellow-sufferers, ever since the outbreak of hostilities, and is only permitted to write to his wife and family once each month.

More about Parcels.

Here we are again. A lady wishes to know whether we can inform her why it is possible to send a parcel from London weighing over 5 lbs. to an alien interned in the Isle of Man free of charge, when "one has to pay a shilling to send a packet weighing only 3 lbs. or under to our brave boys at the front." We do not know that it is possible; it is almost incredible that it can be; but if it be, it is because this is the most glorious country for foreigners which has ever had a place in the sun, and especially for foreigners who are Germhuns. Even now we let Germhuns cut our hair, serve our meals, sell us sausages, bake our bread, make our clothes, play our music—and swallow like children or fools the thundering lie that they are Switzers or Scotsmen, or had a grandmother who was born in Wapping. As the poet says, "There's no place like Home."

In Brum.

We learn of a large engineering firm at Birmingham which has been turned into a controlled factory engaged on munitions. A deal of the work is not that of skilled mechanics, as the shells are made on machines, and a girl or an old man, with a little tuition, could soon be shaped into a satisfactory worker. But we are informed that large numbers of single men have been put on to the machines, and are so able to plead exemption from enlistment. Some Birmingham people think this kind of action tends to defeat Lord Derby's scheme, and they point out, as a curious corollary, that some of the head men, directors and managers, of the firm, bear names that are German.

Two Items.

Here are two cuttings from the *Dundee Advertiser* of October 13th: "Officer's visit to Night Club—Finding of Aldershot Court-Martial: Second Lieut. High, of the Mechanical Transport, A.S.C., was reprimanded." That is item No. 1. Here is the other. "Promotion for Dundee Officer.—Second Lieut. William High, of the Mechanical Transport, A.S.C., has been promoted Lieutenant." Sounds rather strange, doesn't it?—not that we think for a moment that young High is any the worse officer for having visited a night club. Pity the authorities haven't something better to do than waste time, and money, on such trivialities!

A "Fresh" Strike Settled.

Notwithstanding public deprecation of strikes in war-time, the officials of Monmouth Workhouse threatened recently to "come out." Their grievance was one which, had it been generally known at the time, would have excited the strongest indignation of the community at large, as well as the whole of the inmates of gaols, lunatic asylums, and other places of detention. The Monmouth Guardians, in pursuance of war economy, had the audacity to substitute salt butter for fresh for the officials' use. That did it. An ultimatum was presented to the Board, demanding the instant restoration of the "best fresh," threatening in the alternative to "down tools"! The trembling Guardians met in solemn conclave, and having considered the appalling possibilities of a strike, climbed down. The obnoxious salt butter was withdrawn, "fresh" once more took its rightful place, and—Monmouth breathed again!

The Naughty Mind.

If the bashful reader has ever been moved to shade his eyes when gazing on the "drawings or sketches" accompanying "advertisements of ladies' underclothing," let him be assured that steps are being taken to counteract any "impression of immodesty," and that his future blushes may not be so violent nor so frequent. For the Mothers' Union, some of whose remarks we have quoted, is on the track, and has approached the leading drapery houses in London to amend their catalogues and alter their advertisements. The Mothers' Union also objects to "the scanty clothing sometimes placed on life-sized wax figures in shop windows." These mothers are surprising in their Union, for they see a "suggestiveness amounting to indecency" where we should never recognise it. They remind us of the old maids who put petticoats on their statuette of Venus and pantaloons on the legs of their piano.

Waiting on the Quay.

Fighting men from South Africa are coming over in driblets to join the Army, whereas they would come in shoals—if they could. They pay their own fare willingly, but the mischief is that they are kept waiting, wearily waiting, for boats. We have interviewed two men who cheerfully paid fares of fifteen guineas, but they had to stop six weeks at Capetown, and there were men there who had to wait three months. South Africa knows men are wanted, and the men want to come, but they find third-class accommodation absolutely full, while the first and second-class berths are practically empty. The result is, we are told, that thousands of men in Cape Town, with just enough money for their fares—but no more—are practically starving, and condemned to kick their heels in idleness while they wait and sigh for boats. It is a stupid picture of shockingly bad management.

Gloucester's Clean Sheet.

Following upon our paragraph, "Gloucester's Disgrace," wherein we spoke of the reluctancy of the Guardians to hand over the new wing of their Infirmary to the Red Cross for hospital service, we are now pleased to announce that second thoughts have prevailed, and the Guardians have unanimously resolved "to hand over such wing" on being asked to do so by the War Office. It is a pity this was not done right away, but all's well that ends well, and Gloucester is duly graced in its garb of penitence. We hear from one of the Guardians that the new hospital is built on the most approved hygienic lines and is an ideal place for wounded soldiers; while the ladies working it are "splendid in their self-sacrifice and devotion." Bless them, of course they are!

1,500 Turkeys are doomed. See "Bullets."

Two Deserted Children.

Among other people hit hard by the war, we have a special example of a lady who has for many years maintained herself by keeping a school for children, in a country district near London. When hostilities began, new pupils failed to arrive, and old ones departed without payment of fees, but the lady has managed to struggle along with the few children remaining. She is almost at the end of her tether, mainly because of two boys, one 10 years, the other 8½, being left on her hands through the total disappearance of the parents. The father is a musical director and was engaged with a London pantomime in 1912; the mother is an actress. Yet neither can now be traced, and for many months they have paid not a farthing for the support of their children. What is the schoolmistress to do? The police advise her to send the youngsters to the workhouse, but the good woman says she absolutely cannot do that. "They are dear little fellows," she says—and she is a mother herself. Devotedly she has cared for those deserted children, and her present position is heart-breaking. If some society or private person would help her, she, fine soul, will "carry on" and wait for better times. Who speaks?

Burden of the Rates.

The ratepayer who cannot pay his rates is faced with a difficult problem, for the law says he must pay, and he knows he cannot; he must do what is impossible or go to prison for not doing it. How is a perfectly honest and respectable man to escape from such a quandary? We have the case before us of a "small builder," whose business has gone because nobody is wanting "small-building" now, and the prices of materials are ruinous. He owes £4, and asked for time. A Committal Order was made, but fourteen days' grace was allowed him. We are sorry to think that, even while these words are written, the man may have been removed to the county gaol, absolutely for no fault of his own, for he is innocent of any offence except temporary poverty. He puts it tersely when he says he is "not afraid" of serving fourteen days in prison—but his wife and children would certainly go hungry. That is where he feels it. It seems incredibly unfair that the shadow of prison should threaten such a man, and we hope that his town—Romford—will have the grace to hold its hand.

Corporation Workmen.

When we recently wrote about a Bexhill doctor who described the luxurious lives of the Corporation's workmen, we expressed a hope that those men would receive the modest 1s. a week rise for which they implored. But we find protests in the local newspaper, urging that all the men are "getting a good living wage." We decline to apply that term to the road scavengers' wage of 21s. a week. These men, singled out by the doctor, work 9½ hours a day, wet or fine. Yet they are lucky compared with some poor devils under the Pembroke Rural District Council, who have asked for a rise of 2s. They now receive 18s. a week, "except two old men who receive 16s." And a Mr. J. M. Thomas promptly thought they were "well paid"! "In this country," said Mr. J. Davies, "working men are having better times than ever." Not if they work under Pembroke R. D. C.

"The Sportsman's Battalion."

Apropos of our recent inquiry as to what had become of the *First Sportsman's Gazette*, we are now assured by the Editor that all difficulties have been surmounted, and that the journal is going stronger than ever. We are delighted to hear it.

The Thin End.

Mr. Leif Jones, M.P., President of the United Kingdom Alliance, the high falutin name by which the most pushful body of teetotal extremists distinguish themselves, is still yapping for total prohibition. Not content with the existing ridiculous and unnecessary restrictions which forbid a man to treat his friend—or his donkey—to a glass of beer, Mr. Jones would have the Government suspend the common sale of "intoxicants" (word most dear to the fanatical T.T.) for the duration of the war and for twelve months afterwards. We think the Government would be better employed in suppressing these pumpuritan agitators for the same period. Their fantastic charges against the working classes in the early days of the war created quite enough bad blood at the time without their threatening further to make it impossible for British citizens to obtain a glass of ale on reasonable occasions. In the existing restrictions he and his like see the thin end of the wedge, and hug to their bosoms the vain hope of driving it home with their persistent screechings. These fanatics should impose on themselves a self-denying ordinance, cease their puerile chatter, and—*let us get on with the war!*

Real Robinsons.

We have told the tale of some naval men in the Channel Islands, who felt like Robinson Crusoes in their loneliness. A gallant coastguard offers to change places with them—gladly would he do so, and count himself lucky. He and another Crusoe (unless one of them is a Friday) look after a war watching station at ——, somewhere on the Irish Coast, and have been there since last December. They are 51 miles from the nearest railway station, and ten miles from a village. As the coastguards have had no increased pay and no war bonus, they feel deeply the extortionate prices of groceries and other necessities; and they dare not ask for leave, because—even it it were granted—they could not afford to pay 22s. for car hire to get the railway. Newspapers are not to be had, and the only tidings of the war they receive come from Sunday's Press Bureau—"when they think of it," says our friend. But it is a real pleasure to hear that this fine fellow does manage to get JOHN BULL, which comes to him by post. Good luck to him!

A Delicate Matter.

A section of the press has recently devoted some attention to the appalling loss of life among newly-born children. In this connection a delicate matter may be referred to by instancing, as a contributory cause, the many pills and other "remedies" largely advertised and recommended in terms which do not seek to disguise their purpose. The use of these diabolical compounds often causes the death of the child; if that is not accomplished, it is only natural that the infant should be ailing and a weakling. Examples of the advertisements referred to may be found in many newspapers; we have before us a Leicester journal in which, under the heading "Medical," are nine advertisements of these wicked compositions, addressed to "Ladies," announced as "Free to Ladies," or "Important Boon to Ladies." There is not the slightest effort to hide the nature of the goods. Such practices are a menace to the health and stamina of the nation.

"Zepp" Warnings.

Why won't the authorities consider the question of instituting a special police whistle, to be used for the purpose of warning the public of the approach of enemy aircraft, and thus allow people in public buildings and their vicinity to take refuge in good time? Something of the kind is always done in Paris.

Follow Mr. Bottomley. He writes in "Everywoman's Weekly."

KITCHENER'S "PUBLIC DUTY."

NO MORE "CRISES"—KITCHENER FOR EVER!

BY THE EDITOR.

(The following article was written before the issue of the latest statement by the Press Bureau. It is, nevertheless, a timely warning to the Government that in no circumstances will the people of the British Empire tolerate any interference with Lord Kitchener's control of the War.)

On Sunday last the Editor issued the following manifesto—which was devoured with avidity by the public:—

TO THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN, AND ITS EMPIRE OVERSEAS.

I make no apology for trespassing upon your attention upon this, the sacred day of the week. It is a sacred moment in our Empire's history. I will use a hackneyed old phrase, and say that to-day the fate of our Empire hangs in the balance. There are persistent rumours that Lord Kitchener has resigned. I decline to believe it. The very words are too horrible to contemplate. Just repeat them for a moment to yourselves—"Lord Kitchener has resigned"—and you will at once realise their ghastly import. They fall with a thud upon the heart of the British people; they will depress and disorganise the men in the trenches; they will spread consternation throughout the length and breadth of our Dominions; and—most terrible reflection of all—they will hearten and inspirit the enemy. A thousand new battalions would be of less service to the Kaiser to-day than the power to flash through the German ranks, and the German Empire, that awful signal—"Kitchener has resigned." It must not be, and it shall not *be! It was bad enough when Lord Fisher went. He was "Jack," the idol of the Navy; and it was only because at the time the Navy was out of the way, and, luckily for us, practically out of action, that the full effect of that event upon the minds of our sailors was not brought home to us. Happily he is now back in some public post—and I venture to predict that the moment the Navy gets into real action, he will be called back to his old job by the united and stern voice of the People. But to-day it is Lord Kitchener—the idol and inspirer of the new Armies—the Personality which has kept the Empire intact during twelve months of tragic danger—who is* said *to have resigned. Again I say* I do not believe it; *but it must not and it* SHALL NOT *be.*

Such a thing would kill recruiting; would take all the "stuffing" out of the present Armies—and might even involve the loss of the war. Is there no one strong and bold enough to tell the Government that if this cloud is not dispersed within the next few days, he will call upon the people to take matters into their own hands? If difficulties have arisen—as I do not believe they have—*give the politicians a few days to adjust them—and, in the meantime, give the Prime Minister a fair chance. He has promised that he will "stick at nothing"—and so long as he keeps his word, we will, till the crisis—if there be a crisis—is over, stick to him. But he must not let Kitchener go. Nor must we. I am obliged to be away in Wales for the next few days—where I have to address a series of public meetings. At every one of them I shall proclaim the message I am now giving you. I shall tell them that Lord Kitchener* has not resigned—*that he cannot resign; but that if such a contingency were thinkable, then—although it may sound strange that I should be the man to say it—I declare, on my soul, and before God—that if on my return we are not assured and satisfied that Kitchener is to see this thing through—taking precedence of Cabinets and politicians—given, if necessary, a Dictatorship as Military Governor of the Realm, till the war is over—I will utilise whatever influence, energy, and capacity I may possess for the purpose of stirring up the Nation to break down all existing obstacles in his path.*

Let the public take my hint. Make it clear that Lord Kitchener MUST NOT, in any event, and despite any provocation, *resign*—AND YOU WILL HEAR THAT HE HAS NOT RESIGNED, AND NEVER MEANT TO RESIGN. *God save the King!*

THE RUMOUR.

This manifesto was, obviously, prompted by the circulation by the evening newspaper, the *Globe*—and persisted in, despite all official denials—of a report to the effect that Lord Kitchener had resigned his office; and as we write we note that the *Evening News* explicitly says that it is "in a position to state that, despite all official denials, the public may take it for granted that Lord Kitchener will not return to the War Office." *We do not believe either statement*—but we must be on our guard.

THE FISHER EXAMPLE.

We took Lord Fisher to task for what we conceived to be, and still conceive to have been, a bad example to the whole of the Navy. But we could never for a moment contemplate the possibility of his action being followed by Lord Kitchener. And, writing at a time when rumour is prolific, we still say—*we do not believe that he could ever think of adopting such a course.* We think we know our Kitchener better than that.

There were wild rumours to the effect that our War Minister had gone to Switzerland to meet Von Buelow to discuss terms of peace! These rumours were started with a purpose. We know there can be no peace until Germany is trampled under foot. We do not want another war within a few years, as we assuredly will have unless we crush this monster now, once and for all. Our motto must be war until Prussianism is wiped out, and when this is done, but not until then, let Kitchener meet our humiliated foes and dictate terms to them—terms that will leave them shorn of the power to disturb the world for five hundred

years. But Kitchener has not gone to Switzerland. He has gone to the Near East.

The Crucifixion of Kitchener.

Still, the British people were thrilled by the news that Lord Kitchener, the greatest soldier under our Flag, was to leave the War Office *for an indefinite period*. Did that mean that he, like our greatest sailor, was to be sacrificed on the altar of Party politics? If so, it was high time the nation made its might felt. If Kitchener were being shelved, there was only one course open to the nation—it must rise and sweep those political meddlers out of existence. The rallying cry in every village and hamlet, city and town, would have been, "Kitchener—Kitchener—Kitchener!" for if he was pushed on one side, then God help the Army; and at this juncture the Army spells the British Empire. We expected him to be true to himself, true to the nation that has trusted, honoured and looked up to him, true to his own past, his own character, and true to the Army that loves and believes in him.

This is no time for the making or the mixing of words, no time for the niceties of polite phraseology; this is the time to speak heart to heart, and we frankly and fearlessly tell Lord Kitchener that the whole British Empire, from Britain's capital to the remotest village in our far-flung Empire, relies upon him to see us through. We have had enough of "sacrifice on the shrine of duty." Enough and more than enough of the cant and humbug of Party life. What we now want and demand is "a man's best for the good of our country." Kitchener is not likely to desert his post at the bidding of any political clique, he has no mandate from the people to quit the War Office. His duty to us is as clear as daylight—he *must stick to his guns*. Let him go to the Lords, as Fisher should have done, and say—"Choose between me and the malcontents." We know what the answer would be. We know what the people's verdict would be A nation is never wrong in its choice of a leader in war time, when the whole rank and file of the people are unanimous, and never in our history has the nation been so unanimous as in its faith in Lord Kitchener. He will not only be true to himself, but he will be true to the country that has proved its faith in him by pouring out its blood in rivers. He will be true to the 500,000 men who have fallen—true to the dead, and true to the wounds of the living. He will be true to the 3,000,000 men who have leapt to the colours at his call. God in Heaven! was there ever in the history of the human race a greater and a grander call to any one man than the call that is ringing through our Empire to Kitchener to be loyal to his pledged and plighted word?

He Will Not Perjure Himself.

He told us when he took charge of the War Office that he would stay there until this war was won. If he goes out, or allows himself to be pushed out now, he will cover himself with a mantle that only weaklings wear. Is he a weakling? We know he is not. If he submitted to self-immolation it would be because he does not want to distract the nation in time of crisis. This is a fatal error—it was the mistake that Fisher made. It is Kitchener's duty to assert himself. It is his duty to put faith in the nation which is behind him to a man, and he would become despicable in our eyes if he handed us over to a pack of amateurs. But again we say that he will do nothing of the kind. *He will not resign.*

Mr. Asquith's Position.

For the time being Mr. Asquith is to take full control at the War Office. We must do our best to aid him, for never for a moment must we lose sight of the grim fact that we have to fight the Germans to a finish. No matter what happens, the Germans have to be crushed, and crush them we will, though we now know that we have enemies of a dangerous character within our gates—enemies who are weeding out and cutting down our fighting giants one by one, and we must handle them with the gloves off; we cannot afford to play with them; they are too powerful, too dangerous, for that. Mr. Asquith can count on the nation's help so long as he is at the War Office, but—

The Nation Wants Kitchener,

and this time what the nation wants it will surely have. We have been fooled and humbugged for too long, and we will not submit to it any longer. The will of the people must and shall prevail, even if unconstitutional methods have to be resorted to to achieve that object. We cannot—we will not—submit to a course of conduct that, unless checked, bids fair to carry us right to the verge of catastrophe. A month ago all was well; our enemies were trembling on the edge of disaster, and now, if it were true that our virtual Commander-in-Chief had been shelved, those enemies would be heartened as they have not been for six months past.

The passing of Kitchener from power would be the deadliest blow that could be struck at recruiting. His name has been a name to conjure with. Men have rallied to him, East and West, simply because they trusted in his genius; but if he were no more, whence would come the magnetism that will bring the lad from the plough, from the forge, the workshop, the factory and the desk? As Nelson drew sailors to him, so Kitchener has drawn soldiers. His is the name that rallied those wonderful lads from Australia and New Zealand to fight and bleed and fall on Gallipoli's inhospitable heights. His was the name that drew the sons of India to the Flag, as a magnet draws steel filings; and any man who pushed him from his place would have had a bitter reckoning to pay with those same volunteers, or with such of them as have survived the vicissitudes of battle. *But he must not and shall not go.*

We Give Asquith Seven Days.

Let the Premier not count this an idle boast, or an empty threat. We will support him in the interim to any extent that means beating the Germans; but if at the end of seven days the nation is not told Lord Kitchener's position, or if that position is not satisfactory to the British people, then we will rouse the nation to action. Who is to rule in Kitchener's place if he were overthrown? Is it *Haldane?* Our artist recently depicted this "spiritual" statesman as a surly dog being ordered to his kennel—and that is his place. Just as Kitchener's place, and Kitchener's "public duty," is at the head of the War Office. And there, we venture to predict, he will remain.

Three cheers for Kitchener!